UST suppose now that you should become suddenly seized and possessed of an inspiration-a heavenly hunch, let us call it-und that-following the directions of the "unseen voice." you should go out into the back lot, grab a spade, thrust

it into the placid bosom of Mother Earth and turn up a barrel of golda million dollars or so-what would you do? Would you begin extensive financial operations? Would you grope for additional inspiration? Would you invest in more spades. more back lots and go on digging? Or would you be content with your million or so and buy a house and a yacht and some silk pajamas and shirts with monograms embroidered on the sleeves? In short, would you keep on money grubbling and trying to get more gold or would you quit?

The overwhelming chances are that you will say you would quit. The deluging probabilities are that, when the time came you would try to get just "one million more." The end of the rainbow which marks the nesting

place of the fabled pot of gold is always in sight but never quite in reach. Slightly editing and revising the biblical dictum! "To him who hath" is given an insatiable appetite for

Glancing hurriedly up and down the list of Americans of millions, it is difficult to pick out a bare fraction of them who have found that enough was sufficient. Uncle Russell Sage never lost his interest in Interest. Aunt Hetty Green still loves to stroke the fur of a coapon and hear it purr. William Waldorf Astor was born on a couch upholstered with dainty bonds and beautifully tinted greenbacks, and as soon as he was able to toddle he went into the upholstering business on his own account and has been at it ever since, moving to England and mixing up with expensive royalty in the meanwhile, but always keeping his eye on the main chance,

F. Augustus Heinze, after getting hold of more money than he knew what to do with out in Montana, came to New York and tried to plant his dollars in productive soil. The cutworms got it.

J. Pierpont Morgan, one of the money overlords, generalissimo of finance, is so busy getting more that he hasn't time to talk to those whose vocabulary is limited to less than seven

Other instances might be cited in proof of the contention that, generally, the man with millions doesn't quit.

But, as sustaining the rule, there are exceptions, and this is the story of one man who quit, Thomas F. Walsh.

He had all kinds of money-white brown, green and yellow, but he didn't become so enamored of it that he couldn't let go. Nefther was he so impressed with its desirability that he wanted more. He would rather talk thout a one-eyed prospector that he knew back in the days of Leadville's colicky babyhood than he would about any business scheme that human ingenuity could devise. He didn't care to talk about making money. Those who know him best assert that he would rather give it away than increase that which he has. One third of July a few years ago Mr. Walsh walked down to the Boston & Maine railroad station at Manchester-by-the-Sea and did some things that left the eyes of the railroad employes hanging out like the old fashioned knockers on the front doors of New England. Mr. Walsh arrived quietly at the station. He manifested no symptoms of give-upativeness and the employes were unprepared. Digging down into an ample pocket he dragged forth a roll of tens and twenties-real money-and began to skin off the top layers. He handed a bill to each of the men.

To-morrow is the fourth of July and I want you boys to have a good time," was his explanation. For a few minutes the Manchester station crew was utterly useless-pitifully incompetent. It couldn't get its breath.

"Say," whispered a watchman who happened to be of the elect on that auspicious occasion, "that roll of yellows that he pulled out was big enough to stall a freight."

Walsh heard about that remark and was so tickled over it that he got chummy with the v stchman and used to walk down and talk 1 "h him every day or two.

This and other instances of the generosity of Mr. Walsh should not, however, have a tendency to inject hope into the systems of these who dog the footsteps of the rich and seek loans and contributions. One sure way not to get money from Walsh is to ask him for it. He has an almost holy horror of the grafter and the person who writes hard luck tales to those who are classed among the ultra

Once upon a time, when he was Colorado's commissioner at the Paris exposition, Mr. Walsh, in his side excursions, discovered a king. This particular monarch was Leopold, the gay old party with the severe but ample

whiskers who lately ruled over Belgium. "Come over and have a snack at my camp," remarked Mr. Walsh. At all events that was

the substance of what he said. "I'll try anything-once," was the attitude of the monarch with the Illacs. Now it happened that Mr. Leopold, Rex, had been to a number of very fussy banquets. He had been intertained so numerously that terrapin didn't thrill him any more. He knew all about the various utensils that enter into the operation

IN APPEARANCE THOMAS WALSH IS AN IMPRESSIVE of conveying food from the plate to the mouth. Never had he been known to reach the ice cream with nothing left but a little harpoon, like George Ade's banqueter. He didn't tuck his napkin and responded readily to the rule prohibiting the use of a knife in the holsting of peas or pie. All of this is set forth as proof that Mr. Leopold was no gastronomic novice, But after he had partaken of Mr. Walsh's hospitality he had to tack to get to his cab. He was so happy and so satisfied that he didn't care whether he kept on kinging or not. In a burst of enthusiasm he said he was coming over to America to follow up the Waish brand of banquet. The morning following the banquet it is understood that Mr. Leopold went

> Way, and fired his chef. But It must be remembered that this little lunch that Mr. Walsh arranged for his royal guest was quite out of the ordinary. He sent out for the most famous of French banquet

back to Lacken, in Belgium, where he lived

when he wasn't taking in the Parislan White

"There's a hungry king coming next Thursday week," he told them, "and I want you to feed him well. Go as far as you like." Which they did. The banquet was given at the Hotel They had some very excellent fiddlers and other musicians at the hostelry, who were willing to furnish any sort of music for the occasion. But not for Mr. Walsh. In entertaining a kingly personage he decided to observe the harmonies. Maybe plebeian music wouldn't aid royal digestion! Nothing but regular monarchical melody would go well with the food. The Imperial Russian band, which plays for the czar and helps him forget his troubles, was in Paris at the time. Several people with money had sought to engage that band for private affairs, but the manager announced that his band could not be engagedit was none of your country orchestras.

"I'll just stroll over and hire them," suggested Mr. Walsh.

Those who heard of his expressed intention laughed derisively. But Mr. Thomas F. Walsh did hire them and Mr. Leopold, Rex, had mazurkas with his soup and Paderewski with the baked beans.

There were others in addition to the king at that banquet, but they didn't cut much of a figure. The Belgian ruler was the big attraction in the main tent. It isn't everyone who can entertain a king and it isn't one in a million that could entertain one as Thomas F. Walsh did. That banquet cost, it is said, about \$75,000, which is even more expensive than dining at some New York hotels. All Paris talked of the Walsh entertainment, and it is still talked about over there. It set the highwater mark for banquets. Harry Thaw had given one that was the limit theretofore, but the Walsh affair made the Thaw dinner look like a cold lunch on washday. Even the square meal prepared by Lucullus for his guests, several seasons further back, was merely a snack compared to it. But it wasn't the only dinner given by Mr. Walsh that startled Paris. He gave a score of them while he was commissioner to the exposition, and each of the kingless ones cost \$40,000. Dukes and duchesses and princes and counts and marquises-a lively assortment of noble appetites attended and went away feeling as though they couldn't eat another thing for a week. Mr. Walsh had fun. He liked to see them enjoy themselves.

"Never turn a hungry duke from your door," appeared to be his motto, and as a result European nobles put signs on the front fence to signal others of their kind that this was a bully place to get a handsome hand-out.

It was one of Walsh's philanthropies. Also it was one of his ways of enjoying the money that he accumulated in Colorado mines. He believed that money was made to spend and that's why he liked to spend it.

But there is more to the tale of the entertainments in Paris. Incidentally King Leopold became so impressed with the American man of millions that he consulted him about some of his (the king's) gold mining properties in Africa, with the result that Mr. Walsh went into partnership with the king. Mr. Walsh explained that he didn't go into the venture with Leopold for the profit that was in it, but just to please his friend of the crown and scepter. But greater than the triumph of entertaining the king-greater than the prestige of entering into a partnership with him-was the

social success that followed the European recognition. Mr. Waish has a most charming and accomplished wife. She was Miss Carrie Reed when he married her In Colorado. She had gone from her Wisconsin home to the Rockies for her health, and when she met the sturdy proprietor of the leading hotel of Leadville an attachment developed that resulted in a happy marriage. Mr. Walsh was ambitious that his wife should enjoy social distinction. After he had made his millions he came east and tried to rub elbows with many of those who had inherited theirs. Promptly the social folk dusted their clothes where the elbows touched. The Walshes, in their narrow eyes, were parvenues-new rich-n. g.

"Why, he was only a laborer-an immigrant laborer at that," remarked society, referring

"l'll just try a flank movément," mused Mr. Walsh. So he secured the commissionership to the Paris exposition, and when he sailed for France there was no society crush at the dock to wave good-bys. But after he had trained most of the European nobility to drop into his home for a sandwich now and then, the American society folk who hadn't been able to get even a passing nod from a thirdrate count/began to understand that the Walshes were really very desirable people. Thus it happened that when the noat docked at New York on the return trip American society was down there en masse wig-wagging welcomes and telling one another about how glad they were to see "our dear friends, the Walshes, home again."

From that time on Mr. Thomas F. Walsh and his wife had to screen the house to keep "society" from overrunning it. And ever since then the Colorado Croesus has been up at the top of the social heap in Washington, Newport and the other places where silken society can be found at home.

One day after his return from Europe Mr. Walsh decided that it would be necessary to have a larger house. He had purchased the old Jenness Miller homestead in Washington and fitted it out luxuriously. But it was too small-too cramped for the entertainments he desired to give. The Miller house was torn down and on the site was erected by far the finest house in the nation's capital. Washington refers to it as "the palace," and no other designation would be fitting. The building cost \$1,000,000, in round figures. It took from \$500,000 to \$800,000 to furnish it. Over 1,000 people can be entertained in it without crowding. There are 64 rooms. Each of the larger apartments has a distinct decoration, nearly every known species of hardwood having been used in the interior finishings. The floors alone of several of the rooms cost \$5,000 each. In the ballroom the gold used in decorating the ceiling cost \$10,000. The building is lighted and heated by electricity, cooled by a patent system, and automatic electric elevators-the kind that run without conductors-carry the occupants from one floor to another. There four immense pipe organs in the house, and so well is it arranged that all of the organs can be played at one time without the sound of one penetrating to the zone reached by the sound of another. Specially employed connoisseurs scoured Europe and the Orient for rare rugs and tapestries wherewith to dec orate this regal residence and pictures worth many fortunes adorn the walls. In the magnificent Italian garden surrounding the house there are vases and statuary brought from Greece and Italy. When this house was constructed and furnished Mr. Walsh expected to entertain King Leopold there. The Belgian ruler was to have been present at the "house warming." But he could not come at that time and the housewarming went on just the same. with most of the notables of social and official life of Washington and New York in attend-

"I haven't always had all I wanted, you know," remarked Mr. Walsh one day, "and I like to see plenty of everything for every-

He probably thought when he gave voice to this statement, of the days when he was a laborer in Boston. Or maybe he went back along the highway of memory to the time when he was a wheelwright back in Tipperary, Ireland. He was born in Tipperary 58 years ago and came to this country when a lad in his late 'teens. He landed in Boston and tried a to secure employment. Wheelwrights were nished put a dent in good digestion.

"dust" scattered it quickly when they came into town and woke up in the morning "broke" and discouraged. They soon ascertained that "Tom" Walsh was a likely angel. Any reasonably worthy prospector could get credit at the Grand Central. Not only that, but he could get That is, Walsh would furnish an outfit, grub

and tools and advance ready money for an in-terest in the prospective "strike." How many profitless ventures he went into is not recorded, but they were not all of that sort. Some of his working partners did make strikes and the profits were enormous. Walsh appeared to have unerring judgment when it came to buying a mine. He studied mineralogy from the alphabet up, secured a fund of information about all branches of geology, knew more about the various formations in the Colorado mountains and hills than any expert in the business at that time, and was well equipped to purchase or decline when property was offered. One day he amused the mining folk by purchasing an old mine "dump" where the refuse had been thrown. He had a theory that the process of extracting the metal had been wasteful and that there was plenty of gold left behind. Applying scientific methods to the smelting of it, he managed to clean up a million dollars out of that supposedly valueless dump. He bought a "prospect" from a discouraged miner and found a number of "pockets" of virgin gold on it. From one "pocket" alone he took \$100,000. He was rich now and happy. But he had another theory about gold mining that he was anxious to test. The carefully educated experts said that it was folly to seek the precious metal in the tops of the mountains near the present town of Ouray. Walsh thought otherwise. He made a personal investigation of some territory where prospec tors had reported outcroppings of ore. As a result Walsh quietly purchased a tract in the San Juan district. There were old abandoned mines there-holes that had been left because mining was difficult in those altitudes-because frequent snowslides destroyed the houses and the machinery and filled up the shafts. The experts warned Walsh that he would lose any money that he put into the property he had purchased. He paid no attention to their warnings, but moved over to Ouray and started to work. From the very first hole that he dug he struck ore that assayed startlingly high. Then he started a force of men out after more property and another force to do additional prospecting. The result was far beyond his wildest dreams of success. One morning a friendly little bird

WALVEL, WASHINGTON, D.C.

not in demand. With an insistent ap

petite and no funds wherewith to hu-

mor it regularly, he took a pick and

shovel and started to work on the

streets. From Boston he drirted over

to Worcester and there branched out

as a contractor, doing some sewer

work and reaping a few hundred dol-

lars of profit. Reports came east about

this time that there was much gold in

the Black hills, and Walsh, naturally a rover anyhow, decided to try his for-

tunes there. He knew nothing of mi-

ning, but soon found men who did, and

with his small capital "grub-staked"

several prospectors who struck gold

and divided with him. In a few years

Leadville loomed large upon the hori-

zon and Walsh headed for the Rocky mountains. At Leadville he invested

Walsh would willingly grub-stake him.

had cleaned up \$100,000.

in a hotel-the Grand Central, it was called-

and from this vantage point he kept a sharp

lookout for opportunities. Also he conducted a

Walsh hustled around to get some bread to feed it. The bird stayed after that and fed "We'll call this Camp Bird," Walsh announced. And from that day to this all these mines in the San Juan district of Colorado have been known as the Camp Bird group-one of

hopped into the tent he was occupying and

the richest groups of gold mines in the world. Wealth literally rolled in on the lucky Walsh. He piled million upon million-how many is a matter of dispute. Some say that he made \$50, 000,000 in that district alone, in addition to the money he had made previously in the Black hills and in Leadville. Whatever the amount, it was sufficient for all his needs and left over a bit for spending money. From the time of the first rich strike until 1902 Mr. Walsh continued to take gold from the earth. Then an English syndicate offered him \$14,000,000 for a controlling interest in his properties, and, to the surprise of the mining world, he sold, and the property passed out of his hands. There was woe in Ouray and throughout the mining district when the announcement was made. For of all the mine owners of the west Thomas F. Walsh enjoyed the love and confidence of his employes more than any other. He worked in unheard-of ways. For instance, he built a modern, firstclass hotel for the accommodation of his miners and superintendents-a hotel with baths and clean beds and reading rooms. The food was good and was well cooked and well served. And the charge for the accommodations was no greater than that of the ordinary mining-camp boarding house, where "good digestion waits on appetite" until appetite and the food fur-

one that he once prepared for the son, it reveals to his eyes; and final-"A mountaineer loves the mountain

Delightful Prospect.

HIS DESIRE.

Head of Trust (paying exorbitant fare to cab-driver)-Here is your fare, and may I ask if you think you could get me a similar job?

Treatment for Lump Jaw. Lump jaw is due to a fungus which is usually taken into the animal's system in feed consumed. Lump law is liable to affect the glands of the throat or the bones of the head, writes Dr. David Roberts in American Cultivator. It is not advisable to keep an animal thus afflicted lingering in a herd. On the other hand it is advisable to either treat such an animal or kill it, as such animals invite diseases into the herd, owing to the fact that they are so reduced in vitality that they have no resisting power. A remarkably large per cent, of such cases can be successfully treated if taken in time by opening up the enlargement and washing it out with a strong antiseptic solution, like five of carbolic acid in water, and putting the animals on a tonic. In this way the afflicted animal is not only saved, but the entire herd is protected against

Because a home is in the country—because it is on a farm—is only an added reason why it should be more up-to-date and attractive, for those who are fortunate enough to live in the country really spend more time in their homes than do those who live in cities.

And it is also true that farm homes and farm life is daily becoming more and more attractive. The inside of our house is our home, so why not make it nice and attractive, homely and cheerful, up-to-date and modern.

You wouldn't think of burning tallow candles, yet why use wall paper?

In order to educate a few refined people in every community to the artistic beauty of soft velvety alabastined walls of solid color, a free offer of beautiful wall stencils of classic design is made to every reader of this paper.

It is also possible to secure without any expense color suggestions for your home tallies you the most mutable colors to use

better hotel than had ever before been found in a new mining camp. Leadville was wide open. The click of the poker chip, the whirr of the roulette wheel, the rattle of the dice never ceased. Miners who accumulated a little

reader of this paper.

It is also possible to secure without any expense color suggestions for your hone telling you the most suitable colors, to use the best arrangement, curtains and over curtains, etc.—in fact the services of a decorative architect are at your disposal without charge to you.

In cities there are many and most excellent designers of interior decoration, but it takes money and time to carry out their ideas. This same service is at the disposal of every reader if he asks for it, and better than all, it tells you how you can either do the work yourself or direct some one else. It gives you exact shades and colors, and the stencils to do the work without charge.

Where She Scored. Sheldon Kerruish tells this story on

his esteemed father: "One day a long time ago a number of children in our neighborhood were talking about the bad habits of their parents.

"'My father smokes 15 clgars a day," said a little girl, boastfully like. " My father swears something awful when supper is late,' said another.

'My papa came home tight the

other night,' remarked a third. "It was my little sister's turn next. You just ought to see my papa read Cicero,' she said, and all the other little girls retired in confusion, gladly admitting that sister had won

the prize."-Cleveland Leader The Irish of Shakespeare. An Englishman and an Irishman were having an argument on the subject of Shakespeare. "I defy you," said the former, "to find a single Irish character in the whole of his works." "Well, I can give you two, at all events," replied the Irishman. "Miss Q'Phelia and Corry O'Lanus." He forgot Hamlet's intimate friend, who stood beside him while he was contemplating his uncle in devotion, and observed: "Now, would I do it, Pat, while he is praying."-Springfield Re-

\$100 Reward, \$100.

publican.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the biood and nucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting sature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

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The Literary Fabricator. "How did that story that George Washington couldn't tell a lie get started?" asked the inquisitive youth.
"I don't know," replied the irreverent person; "unless he had a press agent

Remember that life is not a fulfillment of one's ideals, but an eternal compromise with them.

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ids, Minn.

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Why Men Climb Mountains

It is Good Sport and Moreover a Severe Test of the Bodily Powers.

Why do men climb mountains? Primarily for sport, secondly because they love nature, and lastly

years. Dante mentions it casually in writings, says the Boston Globe.

More Europeans have gone into the ause they love nature, and lastly aport than Americans because, for one iy a good sport," said Prof. Fay, "but story it tells him; for the grand reason, of their prokimity to lofty ranges. But America has some men of defy one.

Mountain climbing dates back many only for their ascents but for their is something that will perhaps anthem its forests sing to him, for the week until you pay this amount! Debtor—Really. Then there seems object of all mountaineers."

Mountain climbing: Well, it is mere its conduction to the wonderful is story it tells him; for the grand here is something that will perhaps anthem its forests sing to him, for the week until you pay this amount! Debtor—Really. Then there seems object of all mountaineers."

Mountain climbing: Well, it is mere its conduction of the wonderful in the mountain tor the wonderful is story it tells him; for the grand anthem its forests sing to him, for the week until you pay this amount! Debtor—Really. Then there seems object of all mountaineers."

Mountain climbing: Well, it is mere in the wonderful is story it tells him; for the grand anthem its forests sing to him, for the week until you pay this amount! Debtor—Really. Then there seems object of all mountaineers."

Mountain climbing: Well, it is mere. driven by a desire to conquer those reason, of their proximity to lofty strong, giant-like forms which seem ranges. But America has some men

knowledge of the subject.

nous Alpinist. At his home are many the following: souvenirs of his Alpine trips, one of some of his works. Conrad Gesner, a the most interesting being a large as a boy loves some older friend

mountain climbing? Well, it is mere- loves the mountain for the wonderful

Prof. Fay of Tufts college is a fa- Cambridge conference. It contained

Swiss naturalist, describes the pleas-ures and profits thereof in his 16,430 feet above sea level. whose noble character has been to him an inspiration, who, as he feels, scaling its lofty summit." "You ask what is the real value of is bringing out the best in him. He

ly—yet by no means least—he loves it for the test of his bodily powers to which its conquest subjects him every time that, yielding to an irresistible